The Bystander, May 22, 1918.—No. 755. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

"I can't think why it won't fly, Kuhlmann—unless it's because the tail's too heavy!"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

The Offensive

ONCE again the offensive, the points of incidence and chances of which have been so widely discussed during the past three weeks, is, at any rate in its early stages, a German offensive. That is the way we are fighting; and for the reason that our task is to kill and we *are* killing. Very soon we shall be able to concentrate in the West, and then the ding-dong push may turn the other way. Meantime, so long as the enemy fail to capture really essential positions, any seeming progress they make does not actually matter. We are killing all the time. It sounds brutal, but it is a bull's-eye for Christianity.

Austria Infelix

MEANWHILE, Karl is paying for his correspondence. The "closer union" entered into at the recent conference between him and his overlord is simply the union which the lamb, sooner or later, enters into with the tiger. No union, in fact, could well be closer. But the prophecy that the "ramshackle empire" would fly to pieces on the death of Franz Josef, for two years unfulfilled, now seems appreciably nearer coming true. People in this country only take the languid interest of ignorance in Czechs and Jugo-Slavs, but they are a real and a disintegrating force. Prussia will not find them so swallowable, however easily Austria slips down.

The Difficulty of Certainty

SINCE the days when it was first apparent that Kandahar Roberts, even "Bobs" *Bahadur*, was a fussy little old woman, with Germany on the brain, we have learnt to change our opinions with Oriental ease of orientation.

Take this Maurice affair: I went out to lunch on a Saturday convinced that General Maurice was a bad lad. By the following Wednesday it became distressingly apparent that he was a sadly maligned man and a real steward of his country's interest. Unless . . . ? And there I was! That is one of a number of things that make one envy the fighting men. When he laments the paucity of news "out there," he little recks that he is announcing his own uninformed blessedness.

THE "CLOSER UNION"
"No more of your monkey tricks, Karl!"

But One Case for Unanimity

THE greatest trial of the war is the unending succession of "*Conspuez!*" and "*J'Accuse!*" that greets us; the interminable and intolerable alternation of crystal-clear evidence that Biggs is (*a*) the noblest Roman of them all or (*b*) the shoppest of bad eggs. Who *can* decide, when every paper one picks up has its Codlin and Short, the cause of each espoused with fiery eloquence or icy condemnation? The only man who gets much the same "Press" from all, all the while, is Bill. My most diligent study of the news-sheets has never revealed any variation in Wilhelm's "mentions." Thus, it would seem, he is the one person taking any interest in the war who has, from the first, run true to form. That must go to his credit when he comes to explain certain little lapses like that *Lusitania* matter!

Japhet in Search of a—Premier

ALL kind-hearted people must sympathise with the *Morning Post* in its frenzied endeavours to find an alternative Prime Minister. It hates Mr. Lloyd George with venom and Mr. Asquith with fury. Whom, then, shall it place in power? Happy thought! "Sir George Cave!" Sir George Cave blushes to find himself so famous, endures genially the chaff of his friends, but proclaims himself a non-starter. Shortly after the *Morning Post* proclaims that it has found the very man—Mr. Lowther. What Mr. Lowther said has not yet been disclosed; but he has a trenchant way of expressing his opinion. But I hope the *Post* won't be disheartened—let it try again. After all, why not Colonel Repington?

Getting On With the War

MOVING in almost divinely mysterious ways its wonders to perform, the official mind is a bit of a staggerer. One learns now, from the brainy fellows who explain why one's season ticket must cost one more, that "in the past people were encouraged to travel as much as possible; now they are being asked to stay at home." Thus, when one's little boys, home on their annual furlough, say: "What did *you* do in the great war, daddy?"—one's proudest-uttered retort may yet prove: "Stayed at home, my son; stayed at home, eating nothing,

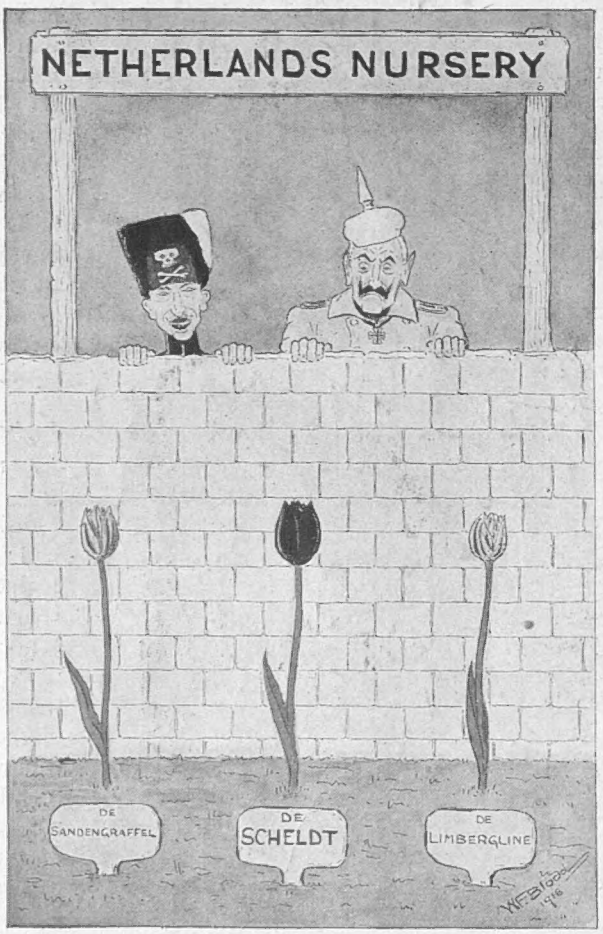
(Continued on page 316)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

drinking less, wearing only my native dignity—even on the ten rods I tilled so perspiringly until there was a surfeit on every hand of potatoes and pork!" If to travel, to eat, drink, smoke, buy clothes, save pennies in between the holes of one's pre-war socks, and grumble are *all* unpatriotic, as becomes increasingly and ever more manifestly patent, there would seem nothing to do but read the plethora of racing news in the papers, and praise the Bureau of Information from which all pronouncements on the things that help do flow. But *what* a life!

Exchanges of Prisoners

LORD NEWTON having recorded the great truth that "the more we exchanged prisoners the longer we prolonged the war," what becomes of (*a*) Cocker, and (*b*) the sound old principle that one Briton is worth six Huns? The ordinary person would have thought that we could well afford to give the Central Powers one German for every British soldier or sailor luxuriating in prisons that possess everything the German wants—even to an *embarras des crachoirs!* But it is not so, according to Lord Newton; and as soon as the tumult and the shouting have appreciably diminished somebody will have to evolve a formula on which prisoners can be exchanged—will have to tell us how many Crown Princes are fair barter for a British bugler-boy. On humane, even on food-conservation grounds, one would think it well to exchange as many men as possible, even at the rate of half a dozen Huns for each of our own. If, as I feel sure must be the case, his lordship reads his BYSTANDER with commendable regularity and thoroughness, I hope he will see that in this little suggestion I have—with the luck proverbially falling to people of my mental calibre—stumbled on *the* Short Cut to Peace, Sugar, and Late Nights.



OVER THE GARDEN WALL

THE HORTI-KULTUR-AL HUN: "Efferything in der garten vos lofely, Willie—but der big black von vos der lofeliest of all!"

The Horrors of War

THE humblest-minded of us has things borne in upon him at times. I was seeing-off at Victoria recently a preternaturally serious subaltern. He is a heady boy, because that is the only kind of sub. who is wanted now that the war is no longer regarded as a film. "Do you know," he said, "I really *shall* be glad to get back, for several reasons. Not only back, but well up in the line—actually in the trenches. For one thing, I shall get away from this nightmare of trench-coats!" And in that moment I became conscious of a new obsession, of an accumulating plague, that has spread wondrously, if insidiously, for the past twelve months. I never had any mind for figures personally, but my young friend assured me that one could see many more trench-coats to the linear furlong of the Strand than to the mile of the British line, even as now extended, to the dismay of the most cocoa-fed strategists.

Two years ago the trench-coat was a new and almost a gratifying circumstance. To-day it has become an omnipresent eyesore, affected by all sorts and conditions of men, women and children—except the minority of those who can ever, by any conceivable combination of chances, spend any time to visit or even see, the trenches! Very occasionally one sees it worn by somebody who sports a silver "Services Rendered" badge. But it is worn in general by folk the very thought of whom, in connection with the trenches, is a fake.

Our Cousins from Across

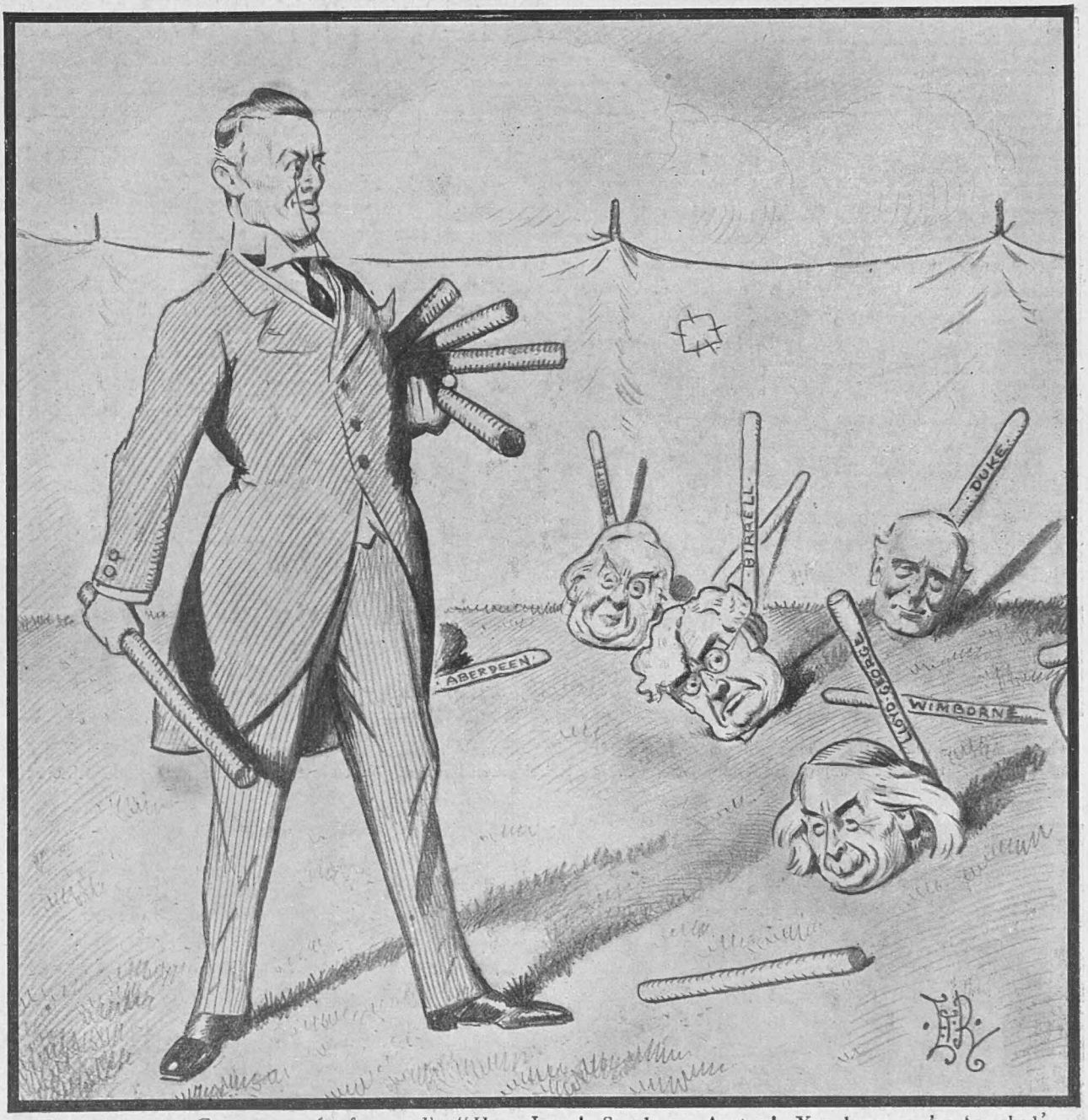
AMERICA captured London in a single march. It is a way those fellows have. Dominating is the only word for them, as Fritz will soon know to his hurt. As they went by I stood next a Yorkshire collier, who had come to town on his second honeymoon. This grand man of the coalpits was delighted with the Americans. He looked them up and down ever so critically and swore (very literally) that he would back them against anyone that came from anywhere but Barnsley. And he said that when he went to the Front he would rather go with *them* than with anyone, unless they came from Barnsley. In the end, I believe, we both sort of agreed that they *had* come from Barnsley and that is saying a lot for —Barnsley.

Hospitable England?

ARE we making much of them—these fine, supple fellows, who are to fight side by side with us? We are not. We cannot. They are busy with their training, and we are busy on our work. Besides —there is a Food Controller. Knock off Beef *and* Beer, and we are not hosts, and only become hindrances. Please, dear, good America, realise right now that we are beefless and beerless. You hit us at our hopeless-est; but Englishmen, whose sons are "out

Every Shy Several Cocoa-nuts

"The truth is, there has been *no* government in Ireland for ten years past."
—*Mr. Austen Chamberlain at the Central Hall.*



DISTINGUISHED COCOA-NUT *(in foreground)*: "Here, I say! Steady on, Austen! You know you've 'crashed' the lot of us! Like Orlando, 'you've overthrown more than your enemies'!"

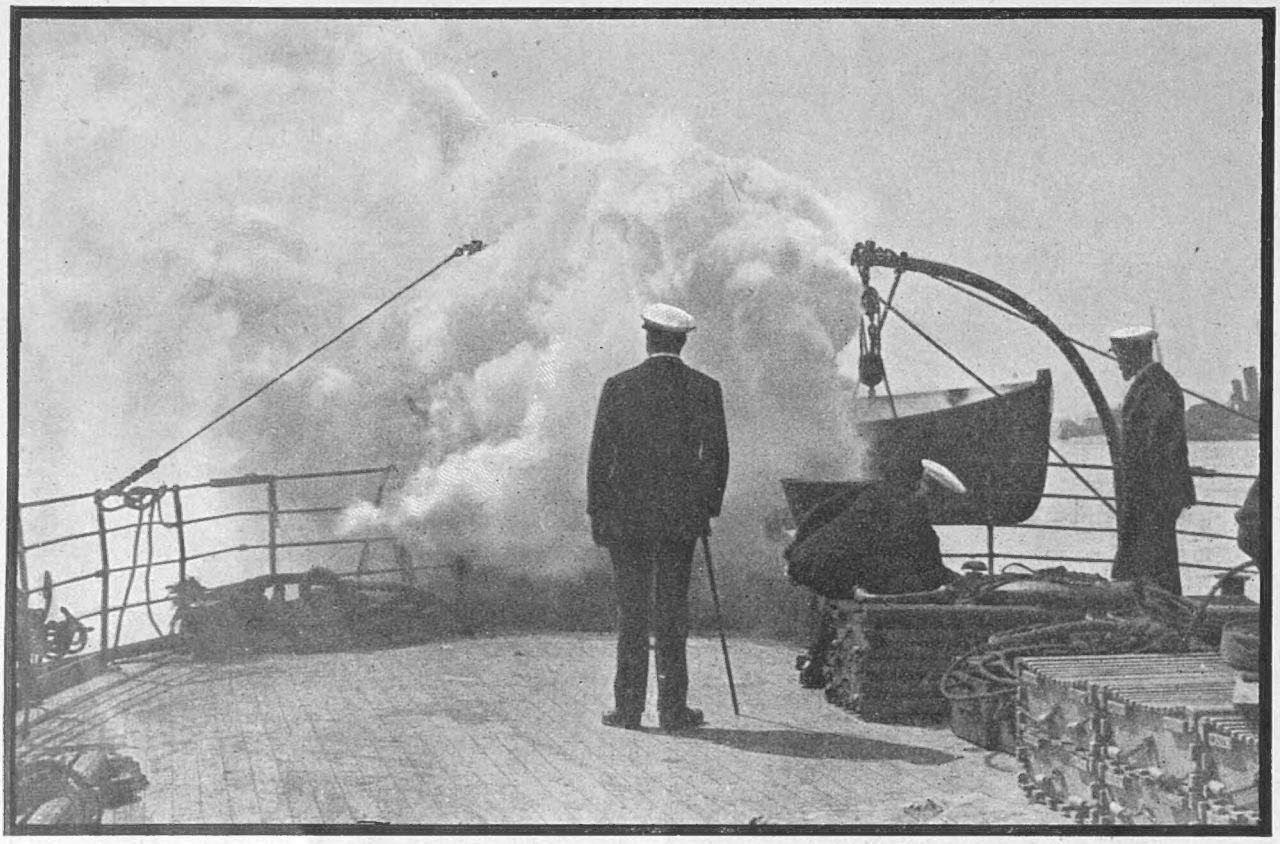
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

there" have been thrilled by the sight of you, and English women will pray for you, God bless them, as they do for their own sons through a blur of tears. *That* is our hospitality, and it beats all the beef and all the beer in the world.

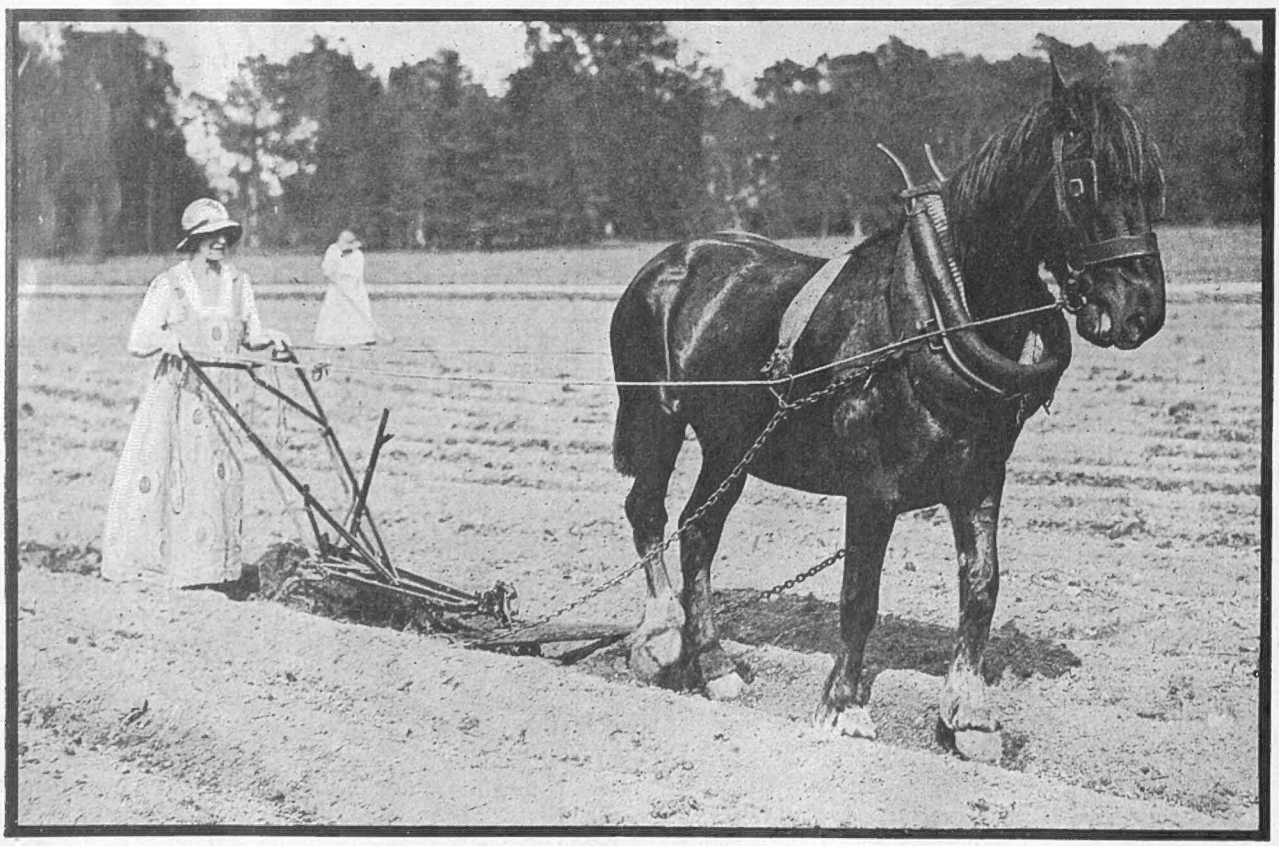
A Warning to British Folk

To stab America would be the most obvious thing the Germans could do; and they are trying to do it. There are thousands of Germans still at large in England, and many of them talk English as well as ourselves. So the air is rent with rumour. The first is to set us against the Americans. "They have come in bragging that England is up against it, and they alone can save her." This is a carefully calculated lie. The Americans have *bragged* nothing of the sort. I spoke yesterday with a trio of British officers who have spent months with them. They all told me that the men from across are deep in their admiration of the fine things that the Allies have done before them, and are only anxious to learn the arts of war so that they may quit themselves like men for the honour of their own grand country. On the approved German method—which is a Fritz-like rule of three—the second rumour is concentrated on turning the Americans against us. They are being told that we have turned the Australians and the Canadians into all the "hot" corners, and that we should do the same with the Americans and save our own skins. The answer to that is the casualties in the home troops are greater in proportion than in the Colonial, and the Colonial fighting men would be the last to suggest that they have been sacrificed while the Englishmen have been spared.

Camouflage on Sea and Land



This is how the Navy raises the "smoke screens" we have heard so much about in connection with the raids on Zeebrugge and Ostend. But this "official fog" is no new thing; it has been used at Westminster for years past—and still is!



Lady Drogheda presents a charming picture of a countess camouflaged as a plough-girl. Her idyllic dress is a complete change from the flying overalls she recently wore so becomingly; and we congratulate her on having found such a nice clean field to plough

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *May* 20, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

HAVING weathered yet one more political crisis—the umteenth since August 4, 1914—Mr. Lloyd George has grown another halo and we're now getting on with the war again. Some say this last push in Flanders is the *very* last push of all. But, as the delightful Irene Vanbrugh says in the delicious *Belinda, so* confusing, isn't it, calling 'em *all* last pushes? Only she says it about Thursdays. Same name every week, you know.

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A USEFUL, pleasant two hours off from the war, by the way, I found in the persiflage and *insouciance* and simple sentiment and exquisite acting of the very pre-war *Belinda*. The spectacle of a charming woman, no longer very young, and neither maddeningly beautiful nor fiendishly rich, but fully capable, all the same, of holding three men at a time in her toils, is always a pleasing one—to a woman, anyway.

"Overseas officers: Invited to dances—"

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FROM such a *very* early date, it's always *so* impressed upon us—isn't it?—that though for man love is always in season, for woman—well, let her beware, lest by indulging at forty or thereabouts in the game that makes the world go round she lay herself bare for the sneers and smiles not only of the young, who feel their own particular territory thus invaded, but also of contemporaries naturally envious of favours untimely lavished by

Ye god of love, ah! benedicite,
How mighty and how grete a lorde is he!

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IT was one of the Bensons, I think, who said that the moment you cease to be in love you cease to live. But the worst of it is that you have to go on living just the same. And so the successful women are the Belindas of this world. Love being the next best thing to youth, they do not renounce without a struggle all their chance of romance and rapture. They don't go out to meet the universal *Birthright*, of which Mr. John Drinkwater sings so exquisitely:

Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; . . . .

Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

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TALKING of ye passione of love, there are hints of a royal wedding, a duchess mother, with her ducal daughter, having lately dined and slept at Windsor. But it is thought the war will be an excuse to wait—anyway, for the duration. After all, youth is very short and marriage very long, though our princes have really had a let-off, haven't they, since we wiped from their slates wives German, Austrian and Russian?

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RATHER nice idea, don't you think, an *entirely* home-product queen? Though I'm afraid that almost *too* Christian admirer of the "kindly" (!) Hun, the Most Reverend the Archbishop of York, will think the innovation a rather nasty knock at any royal and imperial eligible Hunettes. By the way, the habits of Government are past the common understanding of mere man (and even more so woman), but what an *extraordinary* envoy, this ecclesiastic, to send to the U.S. as British Propagandist!

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WHAT we want here, of course (and still more so in America, one imagines), as any soldier man from France will tell you, is more and yet more Hate-the-Hun propaganda. The Do-not-Hate-Him crowd are really Pacifists of the most insidious

(*Continued on page 320*)

"——nd to go over Windsor Castle"

variety. We can't, as Lord Denbigh says, beat the Hun by sentiment. "He is a cunning, bloody, and ruthless enemy, and he glories in his methods of war. He can only be defeated by giving him his own medicine."

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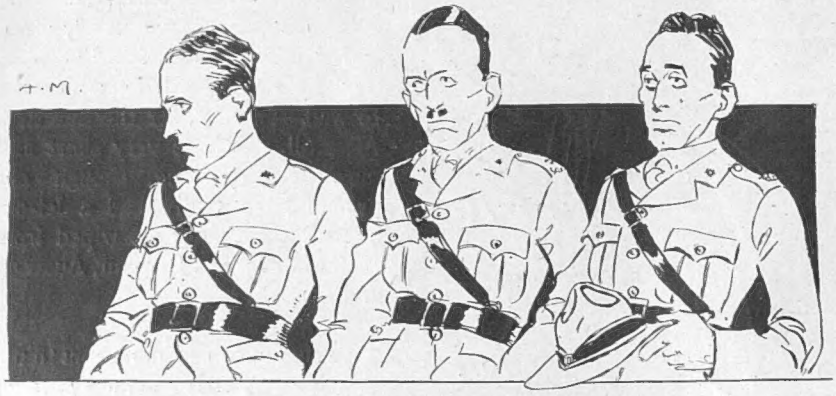
THAT, of course, we shall never give him, being what we are and the Germans what they are. But how much longer, I wonder, *is* mighty (unofficial) Britain going to take lying down the insult of the enemy treatment of prisoners, while here we pamper



"——to listen to a debate in the House"

them and give thousands and thousands of German civilians equal rights with British? They laugh at us openly and despise us whole-heartedly for our weakness. Couldn't, say, a few M.P.'s, when they return from their Whitsuntide holiday, for once earn a little of their salaries by *doing* something about it?

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THINK, only to begin with, *how* cheering for our fighting men to hear that they're now to fight not for an England for the Germans, but England for the English. And how nice to reserve for the British babies of all our gallant fallen British soldiers and sailors the milk and the butter, and the eggs, and the sugar, and the meat now devoured by the females and children of the alien enemy. The German doctrine is: "Might is right; we must know neither sentiment, humanity, consideration, nor compassion." And one knows, of course, that the British doctrine is contrariwise. But couldn't we mix with it just a *little* commonsense? Just to leaven the lump, you know.

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ONE more letter this week comes from South Africa, from one very badly wounded in 1916. "I am so fond of reading your letters, dear Blanche," he says, "but when you write about what Canada and New Zealand and others have done, and leave out our poor little force, who have done our 'bit' in (late) German S.W. Africa, East Africa, Egypt and France, I, and many others, feel hurt. And now we are sending you our best airmen. Do, Blanche, please think of us a little more."

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BUT, you know, if I thought of all the splendid men who've done such wonderful things for us—well, I'd want every week the whole BYSTANDER to "think" in, wouldn't I? One hopes, though, that the men returned to our distant Empires—especially the "very badly wounded"—*do* realise that here in England we really don't forget, and never shall, how, unasked and instantly, and without thought or hope of reward, they came—such valiant Crusaders!—to England's aid when England was in peril.

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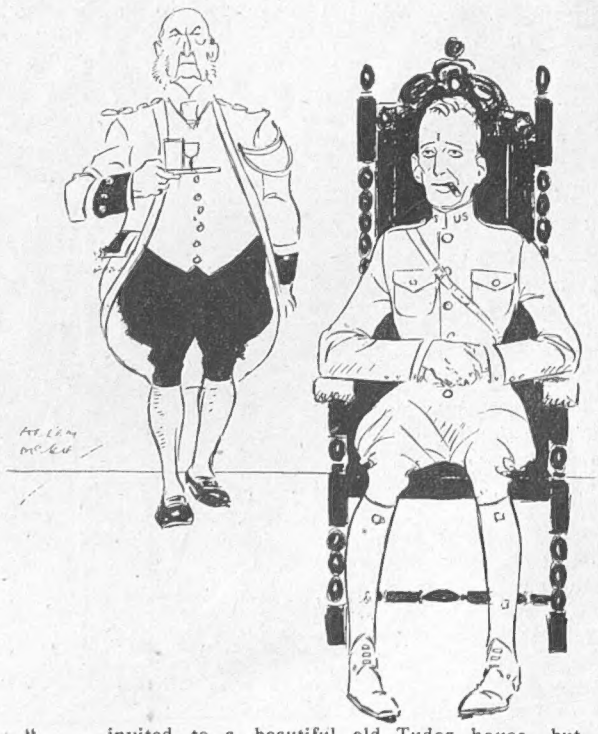
HERE at home, by the way, we do not fail, I think, in "making much" of our overseas soldier men. They say, you know, that many a mighty Anzac positively didn't guess there could be such "gardens of girls" as bloom fairly all round him here in our crowded little island. And in one place alone—the R.A.C., which is the overseas officers' non-subscription club, you know—these were just a few of the distractions I noticed offered last week to our visiting warriors:—(1) Invited to dances at Lady Mond's; (2) made free of Ranelagh and Hurlingham, with their lovely gardens and club-houses, their games and *al fresco* "Englishness"; (3) asked (*a*) to see over Windsor Castle; (*b*) to hear a debate in the House of Commons; (*c*) to play lawn tennis at Queen's on special terms; (*d*) to put themselves down as guests for country houses, etc., etc.



"——invited to a beautiful old Tudor house, but found there wasn't a gawddam thing to do"

卐 卐

SOME of 'em, I think, at the back of their minds, and in their inmost hearts, write down us English as a little "tired" and "slow," not hustlers, anyway. And I *did* defy even the most critical son of the New World to find a single thing wrong with our English country houses. But one I've just met, back from week-ending in one of the *loveliest* Tudor houses, one of the sort that couldn't, of course, happen at *all* in America, said he'd never been so cold in his life; why didn't we have steam-heat, anyway, and there wasn't a gawddam thing to do. Oh, these *very* new people!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

PASSED BY CENSOR

AIR FORCE

The Hobbies of Horatio

BY CECIL SOMMERS.

MANY of us have grown accustomed to devote all our energies to the matter in hand and nothing else. The matter in hand at present is, and has been for longer than most of us care to think about, war. When there is no fighting to be done, life becomes a series of intervals between meals. But there are others who find time to carry on their old hobbies. Of such is Horatio, a late acquisition from home. Before the war a Cook's ticket and an air-tight tin of botanical specimens spelt heaven for him, and now, after four years, he finds Palestine a happy hunting ground for his hobbies.

❀ ❀

LIKE all true Cook's tourists, Horatio delights in inflicting his guide-book-acquired knowledge on other people.

On the way up the line to join us he called the sergeant to him on reaching the bivouac area. "Sergeant," he said, referring to his Baedeker for information, "the very spot on which we now stand is Beth Horon!"

"Very good, sir," replied the sergeant; and warned his men on no account to touch the water as the place was infested by that there bug, the same as was on the canal.

❀ ❀

IT was shortly after his arrival in the outpost line that Horatio once more distinguished himself. The Brigadier came up to an observation post on the top of a hill, where sat Horatio, and desired information.

"Can you see that village down the wadi, sir," asked Horatio.

"Er—no."

"I'm afraid you'll have to expose yourself over the edge of the sangar to see it, sir."

"Right."

"Pst-pst-pst-pst," interrupted a Turkish machine gun; and then as the General bobbed up to have another look, "Pst-pst-pst" again.

"Devilish close that," chuckled the Brigadier, "but I saw the village all right. Well, what is it, young man? A battalion headquarters, or what?"

"No sir, not to my knowledge, but several authorities have expressed their belief that the village marks the site of Gibeon Kirjath Jairim."

Horatio says that he is quite sure that the General has not resolved to abjure swearing while in the Holy Land.

THE KAISER: "Yes; I see the English reserves, and the French reserves; and there are the American reserves. And where are our reserves?"
HINDENBURG: "Behind us, Majestät!"

ON the same day Battalion H.Q. read with surprise the evening observation report:

"Two enemy and one mule seen moving along the track in O.14.a.1.7. ac ac ac. Fine specimen of Syrian Eagle observed flying in North Easterly direction ac ac ac. This sign rainy season finished ac ac ac. Fresh sangar Knobbly Ridge ac ac ac ends."

The Adjutant had formed a high opinion of Horatio's knowledge of useless facts, and told his batman not to worry about a drain round his bivvy. During the next twenty-four hours 1.43 inches of rain were recorded.

❀ ❀

BUT of all his efforts to brighten our lives the last (until his wound is healed at any rate) was also the greatest. An isolated post had to be raided; and Horatio, who is no mean soldier for all his hobbies, was given the job. After an absence of a quarter of an hour the raiders returned amid the rattle of machine guns with a round dozen prisoners. Horatio was bringing up the rear, when suddenly he uttered an expression of annoyance and turned back. "I've forgotton to bring it in," he shouted as he dashed down the rocky slope before anyone could stop him.

Bring it in? A machine gun perhaps? A German telephone set?

❀ ❀

IT was growing light and Johnny must have spotted him, for the machine gun fire increased in volume and stray rifle bullets came whizzing over.

Five minutes, ten—and no sign—fifteen, and we began to think we should never see him again—twenty, twenty-five, and at last he staggered into the sangar bleeding from a wound in the shoulder, but with a look of unmistakable triumph on his face.

"I've got it," he panted. "Saw it on the way out, but forgot it coming back." From his pocket he drew a muddy lump.

"What the devil is it?" we asked cautiously retreating a step or two.

"What is it?" he answered, hardly able to contain his excitement. "'What is it?' you ask! Why, man, it's a perfect bulb of the rarest lily that grows in Palestine! I wouldn't have lost it for the world. By the way—er—I think I must be hit somewhere."

When last heard of, Horatio was informing the driver of his ambulance in between jolts, that fragments of the road over which they were travelling dated from Roman times.

Restraint on Anticipation

PASSED BY CENSOR

"I see as it's security for the future we're a-fightin' for, Alf"
"A little o' that on account, now, wouldn't be a bad idea, Bert"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

LOVE OF OUR CITY

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"It is one of yours who so writes to me"

MES AMIS—

IT is my ambition this week to write to you of the love of Paris. There are of you many who have had the experience, who know a little with what emotion we regard our city and who yourselves have had a great joy to walk the Boulevards, to admire our river, and to know the great life of the cafés, the opera and Longchamp, or the little life of the *Quartier*.

⁂

TO one, of all, I most write—a soldier of your army who has to me sent from the terrible Flanders, it is now some weeks, his letter to say how each day when the fight is finished, he says: "It is one day nearer the peace and the day when the Boul' Mich' will be again gay with crowded people, everyone eager, glad; noisy, living as only Boul' Mich' knows how to live with its brains in the day and its heart in the night.

"PERHAPS I shall not be there to take my *apéritif* beside the Cluny and my dinner at Jacques Bon's restaurant, but it is of that I dream, and if I am not there, my soul will be, and my body will rest content in this land of France, which I have so much loved."

⁂

MES amis, it is one of yours who so writes to me and I have cried to read his letter. He has been soldier, he says, since 1914, but before, I think, he was an artist of the *Quartier*. It is they who have most and best the love of Paris. So soon as the blossom of the chestnut trees in the garden of the Luxembourg has opened and the swallows are again come back, they are everywhere—on the *quais* by the river, and at the corners of the old streets—to make their pictures.

⁂

IT is not of import to them what they paint—the *terrasse* of a café, the towers of Notre Dame from below where the river barges lie, the *marchande des Quatre Saisons* with her barrow, the gardens of the Tuileries, or the little markets of the early morning, so gay of colour with the white and green of the great *chouxfleurs* and the red carrots, which the slow carts have brought, coming all night, from the fields to the crowded market of *Les Halles*. All is to them a picture—a part of Paris.

(*Continued on page 326.*)

"One of our poilus painting"

"Torn by hungry hounds of hate—
Desecrate and desolate"

Official photograph

So stands the shell of Arras Cathedral to-day. But the sun still shines in upon its ruined aisles, with a promise——

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"The Marchande des Quatre Saisons"

YESTERDAY it was that on the *Quai Conti*, Lucile and I attended while one of our *poilus* painted his picture of the river and the little garden below the statue of Henri Quatre on the Pont Neuf. "Do you think that will please them?" he asked, while we regarded. "For whom do you paint?" we asked. "For those *là bas* at Salonique," he said. "*Les pauvres*, when I came on my *permission*, they said: 'Make us pictures of Paris, old one, to hang on the walls and then it will not be so miserable here.'"

❋

I THINK that when he hangs his pictures out there they will be so much admired as if they were at the Salon which, for the first time since the war, has just opened itself at the *Petit Palais des Beau Arts*. How it was like peace-time to go again there.

❋

THERE was with us in the little fiacre to drive down from the Arc de Triomphe our friend M. d'Esteral, who recovers himself from his wounds. It was some minutes that we did not speak, only to regard or to enjoy. "There wants only one thing to make it all perfect," M. d'Esteral said—"that to-morrow should be the first Grand Prix after the peace. It was of that that I talked when they took me to the hospital after the *obus* of the Boche broke me the head—of the horses and the so gay crowds. "To go there again *en civil*—in a hat of straw, a *vrai* Panama—or even a *haut de forme*, like milord the Ambassador—who goes to retire—it is the dream of every French soldier; it is the life that, it is the true Paris!"

❋

AT the Salon what of the *monde* finds itself in Paris was come to admire. It is not more of Paris, that *monde*, than the good workpeople of the markets and the river, or than the students and the artists of the Quartier. In the battle they find themselves the same, and in the love of Paris they are the same. Since these so nearly four years we have lived in our houses quiet, and it was strange a little to be so many together. But it was only of one thing that there was conversation. It was not of the war—one thinks of that but one does not talk—it was of the life that exists, of the Paris that continues, of the art and the emotions.

❋

AFTER our visit, M. d'Esteral invited us to drive in the Bois. It was as we drove that I thought of how the English soldier had written of his love of Paris and that the life of the Boul' Mich' was of its head in the day and of all its heart and emotion in the night. He wrote true, I thought. It is so that those who are not afraid to live so much love Paris, and I made my demand of our friend who has more experience of the life than I: "What is it that so much makes us to love our city?"

❋

"PESTE! How you put the difficult questions, Mlle Agnès," he said; "but for what other reason should Paris exist, than that we love it?" Even of M. d'Esteral the war makes a philosopher.

Your friend, AGNES

"At the Salon"

Business as Usual?

TOMMY: "Now then, Peter the 'Ermit, pull yerself together—I want some coffee"

TRUTH - - - - and TRIFLES

THE biggest, the most sanguinary, the most expensive war that ever was staged is also that most prolific of instances of men being hoist with their own petards. From Mr. N. P. Billing down to General Maurice we seem fated to witness the interminable succession of flesh-creepers who have either said too much or not enough, or said it in the wrong place, or at the wrong time.

ON the principle that there is no smoke without fire, there is, maybe, something underlying the fulminations of all these devoted servants of the lady who—probably anticipating Gotha frightfulness—took up her abode 'way down a well some centuries ago. But these good people, bursting with rectitude, with a desire to make others as conscious as themselves of the right, never seem to "get it across the lamps," as mummers would say.

SOMETHING fetches loose, or comes unput, somehow; and we see yet another exemplification of the truth that there is a place, a time, and a method in, at, and how to do all these things. No matter how sound may be a man's scare, he is horribly out of court when he puts it up in any but a constitutional fashion. Further, he who has the last word is always likely to get the better laugh. Things Might Have Been Done Differently would serve as title for quite a meaty little volume of records of such things as the flesh-creeper that *didn't* make any goose-pimples in the first week of May, tra la!

ISN'T it curious that the papers which contain most sermonettes about a shortage of paper should still be able to devote a fourth of their space to racing news, results, tips, and the other literature of the sport of Governments (new version)?

"If you vos know of a better *Mole* you vos go to him!"
(With apologies to Captain Bruce Bairnsfather)

AND isn't it queer that the Government department responsible for the conservation of Government printing and stationery should put in lots of time producing pretty little handbooks pointing out that six words can as well be written upon a half-sheet torn from a four-page piece of note paper as upon a sheet of hand-made antique-finished linen paper, measuring 30 in. by 40 in.?

AND isn't it passing strange that, with the whole Press its willing collaborator, the Government should use half a million tons of paper for posters, leaflets, and such-like, enjoining the economy of paper?

WAR-WINNING would be easy money, just like falling out of bed, to our present War Cabinet, if it weren't for those infernal sailors, soldiers and other people who know their jobs.

RAILWAY tickets always struck one as dull reading, until one had to calculate the cost of that little fifty per cent. increase. Nowadays, however, the most salacious *Times* supplement is "placed" a poor eleventh.

THE days of the Old Testament had their little compensations. Really well-grown men had a long while to go before they worried about pink forms, if you think over some of their ages as recorded.

"ANOTHER LITTLE DOSE WON'T DO HIM ANY HARM"
[The Boche on the Rhine is still seeking an agreement to cease bombing operations]

The Bolshevik

Mr. David Jagger's remarkable Academy study of one of the demagogue orators who have led Russia over the brink of ruin is one of the "pictures of the year"

MARC

OONED

On the "Q" Staff

By CAPT. A. B. HARROWER

ACTING-CAPT. JAMES PYECRAFT clung to the rails on the upper-deck and wondered what the time was. He seemed to have been travelling at an angle of 45 degrees for hours and hours. Boulogne must be at least 50 miles behind him—and yet what was it? Only 26 to Folkestone? Impossible! As the thought passed through his mind an officer, who had been getting paler and greener for some time past, suddenly got up from his deck-chair, and came over to the side of the boat next to him. James shut his teeth hard and turned away. If there was going to be much more of this it would be a near thing with James P., he thought. And then someone announced that it was half-past eleven.

Another hour to go—and the beastly boat pitching and tossing and rolling like nothing on earth! James heartily wished it was indeed something on earth, and not this confounded channel. After all was 14 days' leave really worth the untold agonies that precede and succeed it? Nothing to eat, either, as far as he could understand, for a fortnight. He felt in his pocket for the umpteenth time to make sure he had his Sugar Permit safely. And then things got very bad indeed.

An hour later James, pale, but once more fairly confident, took his seat in the Pullman, and ordered a double brandy and soda.

. . . . . .

"And now, dear," Mrs. Pyecraft was saying, "wouldn't you like to walk into the town and get your meat and margarine cards? You will have to take the Sugar Permit and show that, and then you will get the others. I think you have to sign something, too, but I'm not sure."

"And this," said James dramatically, "is Blighty, the Blighty of my dreams! For three months I have said to myself, 'After the storm, a calm, after the whizz-bangs, Leave.' And then to come home with a Sugar Card and stand about for hours in a queue so that I may have 2½ pounds of meat and a few ounces of what did you say?—Margarine? O tempora, O mores!"

"Never mind, dear," went on his mother, smiling, "there's no hurry about it. Go down to-morrow instead. But I must have those cards sometime this week, because there'll be folks coming in to meals, and we haven't yet fallen so low that we expect guests to send their own dinners round in advance to be cooked for them!"

So James kissed his mother, went out and found a golf course which was only small-holdings in the rough by the 7th and 8th tees, and had a round with the pro., who was luckily C3 and 49 next month.

In the evening he sat next to Marjorie Mansell at dinner, and Marjorie was very lovely to look upon. She had fair hair and a black and gold "fillet" upon it to set it off to advantage, was tall and slender, and in every way desirable.

So James turned over the pages for her while she sang "Roses in Picardy," and flirted with her afterwards on the chesterfield. "And what do you do in the Great War?" he asked her. "Are you a 'W.A.A.C.,' or a 'Wren,' or do you hob-nob with the Great General Staff in the A.S.C.?" Marjorie looked at him in the manner usually described as "arch." "Well," she said, "I don't exactly slap Sir Francis Lloyd on the back and call him 'Frankie' in the morning, or anything of that sort, but I'm more or less attached to the 'Q' branch." "Bit of a brass-hat, then," said James, with some awe. "I'm glad you're 'Q,' too. If you were on the General Staff I don't expect, for instance, you'd deign to talk to a poor insignificant regimental officer like myself. Useful work yours. There are so many girls these days simply shoved by the Government into soft jobs that have been simply made for them. For instance, I've got to get ration cards for various things while I'm on leave, and to-morrow I shall go into Northborough and find the Town Hall or the Art Gallery or some place turned into a huge office, in order to give recreation and a chance to show off to hundreds of girls who want a job. There'll be crowds of them, I know, careering about with teapots in their hands and sitting behind desks and typewriters. They'll all look very pretty, and so on, but what do they all do—I ask you?"

Marjorie smiled sweetly. "I'm so glad you think being on the 'Q' staff implies really useful work, anyway," she said, "and I can assure you one has to work pretty hard."

James tried to arrange a round of golf, but found that Marjorie was busy all the week until Saturday afternoon. So he had to content himself with the prospect of waiting for three days.

Next morning, having breakfasted in bed—his invariable custom when on leave—he got out a "push-bike," and, armed with his Sugar Permit, now getting quite worn through much exhibition to interested civilian friends, proceeded to ride the mile and a half to Northborough.

As anticipated, he found the Food Control office established in part of the Municipal Art Gallery, and having struggled up the steps through a crowd, consisting of soldiers and sailors and women with babies, approached a desk behind which sat a forbidding-looking damsel of possibly forty summers. He produced the Sugar Card and demanded meat and margarine. "Turn to the left and first door on the right," rapped out the damsel. James wanted to talk further on the matter, but saw that he had been given his congé, so turned to the left. Here was a corridor, and against the right-hand wall a line of persons who looked insufferably bored and held various printed cards in their hands.

The queue moved forward about a pace at a time every three minutes or so. James found himself jammed up between a sailor in front and a lance-corporal behind.

"Been waitin' 12 months for leaf, and then come 'ome to this sort o' thing," was the lance-corporal's comment to a private behind him. "Blinkin' lot o' rot," I call it. "If I hadn't got a decent bit, I shouldn't 'ave bothered," said the sailor over his shoulder. "'Ow long 'ave yer got, mate?" queried the corporal. "Three weeks," was the laconic reply. The corporal looked envious and spat on the floor.

Slowly the queue advanced, and after some twenty minutes James arrived at the door on the right.

Over the shoulders of the sailor he saw the line of

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(Continued on page 334)

Willing

—BUT HEAVILY HANDICAPPED

"ON THE 'Q' STAFF" (*concluded*)

would-be consumers of meat and margarine stretching away in front to the middle distance where those who had arrived were leaning over a table writing their names. The room was full of little desks and typewriters and girls in V-necked blouses, and a few pasty-looking men. "Some effort, this," said the corporal; "seems to me the Government got nothing better to do these days but make jobs for a lot of blinkin' bits of fluff. Why can't they get on with the war? I shall write to old Bottomley about this, blowed if I don't. Waitin' in a queue to get a bit of margarine!—an' rations over the other side as good as ever they were." He spat again contemptuously, and his friend behind him concurred with whole-hearted and unprintable zeal.

James became dreamy and lost in memories of fair hair and a black fillet. A musical voice aroused him. He was by the table. "Have you got your card, please?" said the voice. James started and blushed. "Good morning, Miss Mansell," he said. "Didn't expect to see you. I'm in luck this morning." Marjorie was looking very fresh and delightful. "You see, it is a 'Q' job, isn't it?" she said; "only it's spelt 'queue.'" James signed his name with fluttering heart, and attempted polite conversation. "Now you must get along. You mustn't keep the queue waiting." So he saluted in response to her "Cheer-oh!" and went his way.

On the following morning Mrs. Pyecraft found her son early after breakfast booted, hatted and spurred. "Where are you off to, this morning, Jim?" she asked. "Oh, I'm just going down to the Food Office," he said. "I think I left my cigarette-case there."

A. B. HARROWER.

LORD AND LADY RHONDDA AND——sh! their pet dog!

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

"Aricia's Laughing Maids"

PASSED BY CENSOR

There are times when it is hard to keep one's attention fixed solely on the war

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Sweet Seventeen

Camera Study *Bertram Park*

MISS CHERRY CONSTANT

At one time "the Baby of the Gaiety," is now one of the bevy of delightful flappers in "Yes, Uncle!" at the Princes Theatre

UNCLE ANYHOW AT THE HAYMARKET

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THIS is a mild and gentle story about things that happened before the war, it being assumed, apparently, that most of us can remember so far back as that. Uncle Anyhow's real name on the programme is Reginald Claughton, and he is represented with much charm and suavity by Mr. Dennis Eadie. He is a shy, retiring man of the age of forty-five. Until recently, he was an Oxford don; but somebody very kindly left him seven hundred a year, and so he decided to become a human being instead. Once, he tells us, he used to read a good deal; but has now "retired." It was an Oxford don, I believe, who said that as he grew older he read less and thought more; and it looks now as if a few more of his kind were beginning to find the light. For the rest, Mr. Eadie's impersonation of the simple-minded professor is the pillar of the entertainment.

THERE is a young man of the name of George Floyer, to whom Uncle Anyhow is distantly related—that is to say, George's father's second wife is Uncle Anyhow's sister. Furthermore, George's father is a rich stockbroker in the City. It sounds like a fairy tale now, I know; but I explained above that this is a pre-war story. George, therefore, does not have to do any work, but just lives on his allowance from the guv'nor, and that sort of thing; and, consequently, when he goes and falls in love with Christine Farndon, his people feel they are entitled to a say in the matter. For the Farndons are poor but honest. Mostly, however, they are poor; and George's father's second wife, who is a lady of title, comes to the Farndons and asks them what they will take to let George wriggle out of the net in which he has been ensnared, and dreadful things like that, which people, even if they are poor, ought not to have to listen to.

IN the first instance, Uncle Anyhow is sent to the Farndons' house to pave the way for his exalted sister. Christine is not at home for the moment; but her elder sister, Ermyntrude, is distinctly there. She is a nice girl who earns two-ten a week in the front row of the chorus (fourth from the end), and appears to be gifted with a singular ability for taking care of herself. Uncle Anyhow, who does not know very much about ladies, sidles nervously into the room, and finds a great difficulty in explaining to the sparkling young creature that he has called to say that her family isn't good enough. Miss Ermyntrude has small patience with his stammering speech, and inside of a very few minutes she is casting reflections on his mental capacity, and they are having a jolly good row together, just as if they had known each other for years.

BY degrees Uncle Anyhow hears the story of the Farndons' home. Mr. Farndon is a man of genius. He might, it seems, derive a comfortable income from the invention and manufacture of mechanical toys; but he is set on inventing a new method of stabilising aeroplanes. He is so possessed by the idea of his invention that he has no time to bother about earning mere money; so that his daughters are obliged to go out and make enough to keep the housekeeping bills paid, and all that sort of dreary nonsense. Mr. Farndon is always

(Continued on page 338)

hoping that he will be able to sell his invention, when complete, to the Government; but he learns in due course that the Government of that day cannot buy it because they haven't any money. That seems a pretty lame excuse. The Government of our day haven't any money, but that doesn't seem to stop them spending it by the bucketful. What?

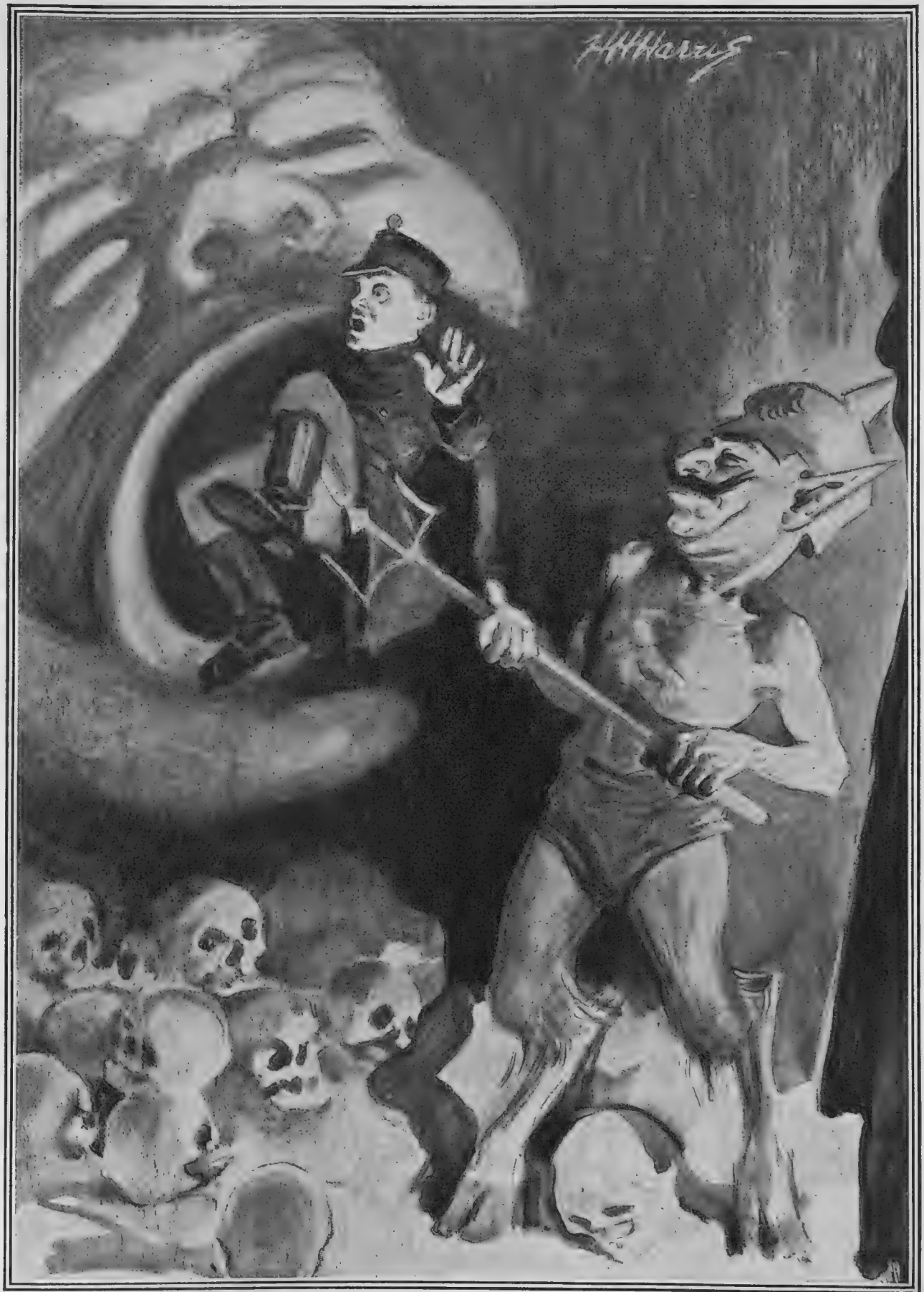
THEN, just to show what a frightfully keen inventor Mr. Farndon is, we see him go to the extreme length of committing a mild burglary to get funds to carry on the good work of stabilising aeroplanes. Somebody comes to deliver an engine that has been made to the inventor's order, and wants cash on delivery. As Mr. Farndon says, it is so absurd to make a request like that, because, of course, he has no cash. The messenger, however, is obdurate; and the inventor does not really know what he can do, because he must have the engine at once. Suddenly he remembers that his daughters lock up their housekeeping money in a drawer close by, and so he just picks up a chisel and prises the drawer open with a lamentable proficiency that almost suggests a long experience of housebreaking. He helps himself to the money he requires and puts in its place an I.O.U., which is about as valuable as a German treaty, and then goes back to his workshop with the happy feeling of a man who has done one good deed at least on the day.

THE two daughters are naturally much distressed when they discover the crime of their wayward Pa. Ermyntrude, the elder, speaks to him pretty plainly about it, and even hints that, in view of the generally hopeless outlook before the family, she will accept the offer of a wealthy and well-meaning gentleman friend who has invited her to come with him and be his love, as the old song puts it. But, of course, in such a nice play as this, so extreme a course could never be permitted, especially with a benevolent Uncle Anyhow in the background with seven hundred a year. In fact, almost before Ermyntrude has had time to consider thoroughly her fanciful scheme for raising money in a hurry, a letter comes from Uncle Anyhow with twenty-five pounds to go on with, and thus what might have been another horrid family scandal is providentially nipped in the bud.

WE don't see much of young George in the latter half of the play, and are in some danger of forgetting his love affair in the daintier and more amusing wooing of Uncle Anyhow, who has been in love with Ermyntrude from the first, although he didn't know it, not being used to that sort of thing, don't you know. Ermyntrude, however, is well aware of the fact, and helps him to land himself with nice skill and diplomacy. Yet it is clear the play cannot very well be ended without bringing George into the picture again. So he turns up in time to be in at the happy ending. His father has run away from his second wife, and is now living at the club and is doing himself jolly well. He consents joyfully to George's union with Christine, and also offers Mr. Farndon the trifle of ten thousand pounds sterling for the purpose of setting up an aeroplane factory; and everybody, I am sure, lives happily ever after.

JINGLE

"Goodby-ee!"



SAD FATE OF THE LAST OF THE MIS-HAPSBURGS

ALL THE SAME

By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

STANDARD clothes will soon be very literally upon us. Some time ago good patriots were asked to continue wearing their old clothes a little longer than usual, and some of us who had never done anything else awoke one day to find that we were in the height of fashion at last. Apparently, the limit has now been reached; and the Government, fearful lest some ultra-patriotic people should go and overdo the good work, has come to the rescue with an offer of standard suits at a standard price, ready-made, or otherwise, as desired. It was once a dream of the more extravagant kind of Socialists that universal equality should prevail, and people used to write articles against them in the papers showing what an idle dream it was. Yet in respect of food supplies to-day, we are all the same, or nearly so; and when standard clothes come along we shall look it.

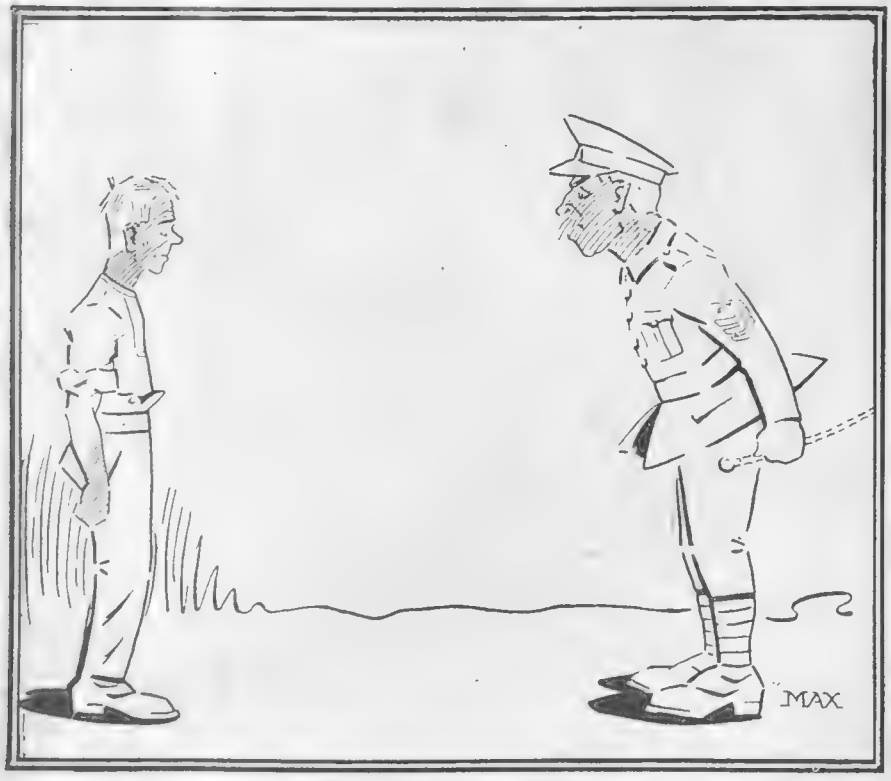
THE entry of the Government into the tailoring industry will come as a severe shock to the man who regards a tailor as a being specially endowed by Providence with the faculty of being able to wait for his money. You may be able to turn down a side street in order to avoid a painful interview with Mr. Snip; but the Government has a short way with dissenters from spot cash transactions; and if you cross the road to avoid meeting the Government tailor, he will probably be rude enough to cross over as well, and meet you on the other side, and give you the option of either settling up for that standard suit or exchanging it for another with broad arrows on it.

THE standard suit is no doubt only the thin end of the wedge of universal equality. The next thing will be, of course, the standard hat. It cannot be merely a coincidence that lately a member of the Government has become famous, among other things, for the daring shapes of the hat in which he walks or rides abroad. It seems clear to me that this statesman is making a number of conscientious experiments in order to find the Universal Hat. Some people have even suggested that one or two of the hats worn by this eminent statesman look as though they had pockets in them.

IT may well be so. A great mind will neglect no opportunity of experiment before giving out the result to an expectant world; and it will require no little inventive ingenuity to evolve the truly British hat that will combine the salient features of the billycock with the Scotch cap and the Welsh topper.

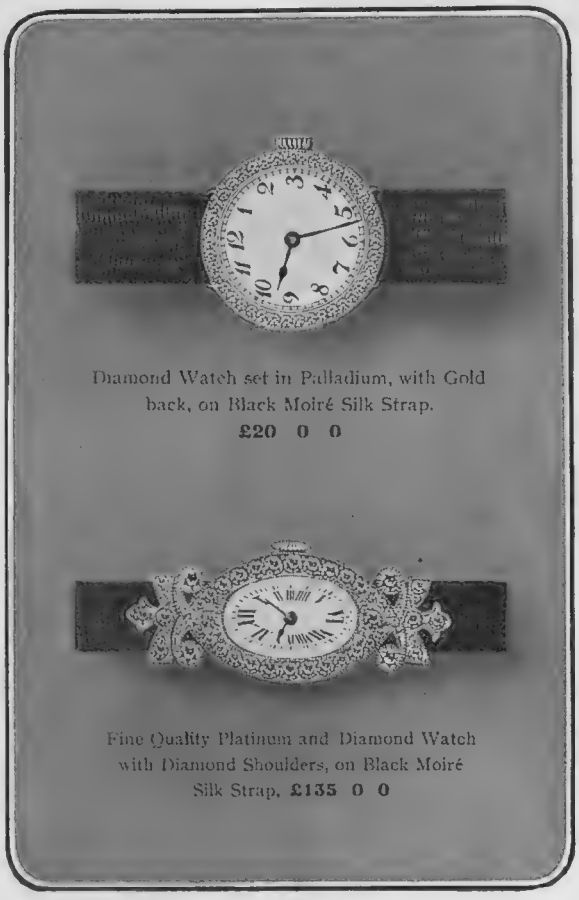
THE standard necktie will come along as a matter of course. Whether it will be really a necktie or just the kind of thing your wife chooses for you, will be a small matter if we are all to wear the same. The tendency of the hour seems to be to standardise us all in the interests of national economy; and I suppose if a man can fight for his country in a standard outfit, he can very well do a smaller job in a suit of Government reach-me-downs. The wild dream of the old Socialists looks like coming true to-day. We are going to be all the same.

THE change will be a little rough on the man who likes to steal up behind an old friend and slap him heartily on the back unawares, and then finds that owing to standard clothes he has slapped not his friend Brown, but a very hot and indignant Robinson. In fact, as far as I can see, it will be necessary, now and again, to stop a man in the street and ask him politely to take his standard hat off so that we can decide whether we know him or not.



AT PHYSICAL JERKS

INSTRUCTOR: "When I say MOVE, I don't want to *see* you move: I want to see you move so that I *can't* see you move!"



Diamond Watch set in Palladium, with Gold back, on Black Moiré Silk Strap.
£20 0 0

Fine Quality Platinum and Diamond Watch with Diamond Shoulders, on Black Moiré Silk Strap, **£135 0 0**

BY APPOINTMENT

Jewellers to H.M. The King

THE Watch Bracelets illustrated are indicative of the many designs constantly being shown by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112 Regent Street W. The models displayed are of the finest workmanship, and with the low prices charged represent the highest quality and best value obtainable. A catalogue of Watch Bracelets will be sent post free on application.

THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY HAVE NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS IN REGENT STREET, OR ELSEWHERE—IN LONDON OR ABROAD — ONLY ONE ADDRESS 112, REGENT STREET, W.1.

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd Estd 1751.

112 REGENT STREET LONDON W.1

NAPIER

BRITISH BUILT.

NAPIER

Six-Cylinder MOTOR CARRIAGES

Whilst the energies of the famous Napier factory are entirely at the country's service, it is not possible to give details of the post-war Six-Cylinder Napier.

It may be said, however, that the invaluable experience now being gained will result in the production of a model which will enhance the world-wide reputation of the Six-Cylinder Napier as

THE PROVED BEST CAR

It will embody reliability and silent power in conjunction with the utmost refinement.

Please add your name to the Distinguished Napier Priority List.

D. NAPIER & SON, Ltd.,

14, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON, W.

Works: Acton, London, W. 3

NOTE.—It is a mad world, so occasionally the advertisements of Pope & Bradley are fashionable.

"Curfew"

Rilette's picture is apropos of nothingness—to be found in the Entente meaning of "couvre feu."

"The spark burns brightest just before it goes out."

But modern sparks must go out just before the moment of brightness. Even burning is forbidden.

The old smouldering embers, white-ashed, are alone privileged to revel in the dark.

THE COST OF CURFEW

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE Statistics Controller, set in his palatial Bureau, stroked his beautiful grey beard, and thought and thought and thought.

Figures danced before his eyes, figures surged in his brain, wonderful, obliging, obedient.

Rising, he flung open his window and gazed over the Metropolis of the world.

Darkness, beloved by the old because their ugliness becomes unseen, was setting in over the great city, and even as he gazed the solemn peal of Curfew broke upon his ear.

He chuckled as he drew forth sheets of paper. "Not a flaw in the argument," he soliloquised, "not one flaw, for figures cannot lie. In half an hour the Official Tuckers Up will have completed their rounds; not a fire will burn in all London, not a light will glow, not a train will run, not a crumb will fall from the richest man's table; the saving in shoe leather alone will suffice to run the war for hours; clothes will wear longer, tobacco and alcohol will be saved in incalculable quantities, and the birds will get their sleep undisturbed. This is indeed a Perfect Economy. Every link holds."

A sardonic titter startled him, and turning in his chair he beheld his Evil Genius, the Spirit of Doubt.

"I rather fancied," sneered the malevolent Spirit, "that there was a wool shortage."

"Wool," queried the Controller fiercely.

"Have you thought of the vastly increased wear-and-tear of blankets?"

* * * *

Next morning an order appeared from the offices of the board of Curfew:—

> "A return is to be furnished at once of all the blankets in the possession of private citizens. For the duration of Summer time no private citizen may use a blanket. Night apparel is forbidden to be worn except during air-raids. Penalty for failing to comply with this regulation will be forfeiture of six months' meat cards."

And the long war dragged on in the most perfect economy.

* * * *

Considering the wool shortage and the dignified prices of matches and gin, there is no reason why Pope & Bradley's charges should not be equally autocratic. But the House does not practise commercial immorality—which is uninteresting—so at 14, Old Bond Street they remain: Lounge Suits from **£6 6 0**, Dinner Suits **£8 8 0**, Service Jackets **£5 15 6**, Slacks **£2 12 6**.

Certainly a Case for Care

Photograph *Stage Photographic Company*

Miss Margaret, Bannerman as the "Baby," and Mr. Edward Combermere in "Be Careful, Baby!" at the Apollo

Books of the Week

"The Island Mystery"

TAKE one ex-king (with morganatic lady and diamonds in attendance), one American millionaire with daughter, one island (with cave for petrol) in the Ægean, one German secret-service agent masquerading as a domestic servant, and one Kaiser as the villain in the background. Mix well, and you have all the ingredients necessary for a successful cinematograph production in at least five "reels." But allow a writer like "G. A. Birmingham" to have the handling of these ingredients, and you will get something rather different from the secret-service drama so popular with the cinema patrons of to-day. You will get a sort of extravaganza, a melo-farce (what a word !), a fantasia (even though Arnold Bennett is not the author), with bits of fun and frolic and all sorts of oddities, such as only "G. A. Birmingham" can satisfactorily get down on to paper. And this is just what you do get in *The Island Mystery* (Methuen : 6*s.* net). Nor does it matter in the least if the mystery is not so very mysterious. Before the war we might have been puzzled, but to-day an island without at least one large can (or cistern) of petrol for German submarines is simply unthinkable. But, as I say, this doesn't matter in the least. G. A. Birmingham is good to read, and that is enough.

❋ ❋

"Top Speed"

Top Speed (Methuen : 6*s.* net.) is the title of Mr. Pett Ridge's new story. It might to some minds suggest smart society, but Mr. Pett Ridge is content to leave war alone and hark back for a little space to the old days of peace. The best of Mr. Pett Ridge is that if he takes the trouble to introduce you to a family that family will certainly turn out to be well worth the knowing. And so it is with the Donaldsons, of Appleford Road, London—never mind which district. Pa is delightful. He is a straight man of business with a pleasant habit of springing surprises on his family, and incidentally on the reader. You see him as mayor, you see him turn away the wrath even of Alderman Bartlett, you see him a valued member of a Government Commission, and, finally, you are satisfied to know that he is to "receive the sword." And there is not the slightest doubt but that dear old Mrs. Donaldson will make a most admirable ladyship. Mr. Pett Ridge, as always, follows his own methods and tells his story in his own way. *Top Speed* is just as good as its predecessors, just as humorous and just as appealing.

❋ ❋

Eden Phillpotts in Cornwall

The Chronicles of St. Tid (Skeffington : 6*s.* net.) gives Mr. Eden Phillpotts good opportunities to show his gifts as a short-story writer. St. Tid is a Cornish village, and, as everybody knows, the Cornishman has his own customs and methods, with which Mr. Phillpotts is commendably familiar. The war intrudes here and there, and the best story in the collection tells of a gentle person who goes out to fight and returns—altered, to say the least of it. The idea has been treated by other authors, but Mr. Phillpotts makes it particularly his own, and if the gamekeeper, who stayed at home and was made to wear the Boche helmet by the "gentle" sergeant, home on leave, isn't now doing his damnedest in France, Cornwall is not what Mr. Phillpotts thinks it is. R. S.

WHEN RAILWAY TICKETS ARE RATIONED

FATHER OF NINE: "Five tickets and six halves to Mudcombe-on-Sea, please"
BOOKING OFFICE CLERK: "Sorry, sir; I can only let you have two to-day"

Mappin & Webb LTD.

Court Jewellers

Specimen Diamond.
£80 0 0

Perfect Diamonds.
£150 0 0

Fine Diamonds.
£165 0 0

The Company has a unique selection of Rings, choice in design and of their well-known quality. A fully illustrated Catalogue will be sent post free.

Sapphire and Diamonds.
£135 0 0

Superb Pearl.
£80 0 0

Fine Diamonds.
£65 0 0

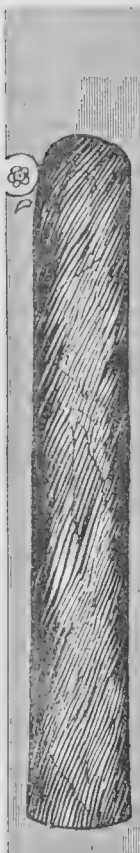
Fine Diamonds.
£110 0 0

London Showrooms

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4. 172, REGENT STREET, W.1. 158-162, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Manufactory: The Royal Works, Norfolk Street, Sheffield

Paris. Buenos Aires. Rio de Janeiro. Sao Paulo. Montreal. Johannesburg.



AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

La Meriel

The Cigar De Luxe.

IN these days when cigars are so expensive La Meriel at 47/- per 100 will appeal to those who do not wish to pay heavily for their indulgence and yet enjoy the same entrancing charms of Havana. Try a box. We return your money if you are not satisfied. If your tobacconist cannot supply you we will and post paid.

47/- PER 100; 23/6 PER 50.

POST PAID FOR THE TROOPS ABROAD.

36/- PER 100; 18/- PER 50.

SIDNEY PULLINGER, Ltd.
41, Cannon Street, Birmingham.

La Meriel DE LUXE

As Illustrated

Pocket Flasks

No. 287.

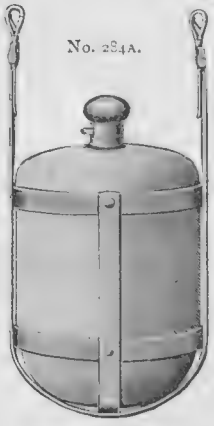
No. 287 (as illustrated) Non-corrosive, oxidised, bayonet top, plated inside, extra flat, concave shape, ¾-pint, **37/6**
Ditto, Smaller sizes, **30/-** and **35/-**

No. 2101. — Non-corrosive, bayonet top, concave shape, plated inside, ½-pint, **30/-**

Britannia Metal Flask, kidney shape, screw top, ½-pint, **15/-**
Ditto, Smaller sizes, **8/6** and **11/6**

Postage Inland 6d., to B.E.F. 1/6 extra. Send for 1918 Illustrated List of Military Equipment.

No. 284A.



No. 281.

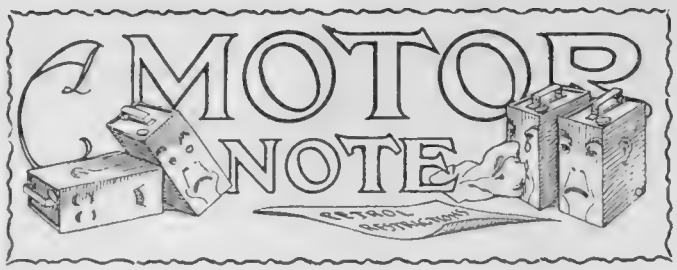
WATER BOTTLES.

No. 283.—Nickel silver plated inside, non-corrosive, screw top, rounded front, flat back, covered khaki cloth, 1¾ pints...			£1 8 6
No. 284	Do.	with leather cradle carrier	1 10 0
No. 285.	Do.	Regulation pattern, concaved, 2½ pints	1 12 6

HAVERSACKS.

Extra large and strong, made from an officer's design			17 6
No. 281.	Do.	with Leather Base	1 7 6
		Detachable Sling, **2/6** extra.	

SWAINE AND ADENEY,
By Appointment to H.M. the King.
185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.



IN the London *Auto* I see an advertisement of the Curtis tractor unit, which invites readers, when they are in Chicago at the show, to be sure to go to the Curtis show-rooms. I am afraid that will take some time in my case, and I shall have to rely upon the Dublin agency which inserted the advertisement, apparently without reading it, to send along particulars of a tractor attachment that fits itself to any motor car and hauls anything from a two to a five share plough. I am afraid, however, that tractor attachments of all kinds are hardly likely to be more than a war-time expedient. Remove present artificial conditions and give the tractor manufacturer full scope in a competitive market, and I shall be somewhat surprised if the car-attachment plough outfit is in any considerable demand.

***

THE new "light" tanks are not, perhaps, quite as light nor quite as fast as you may imagine from the reports; but they are fast enough and light enough to operate, under favourable conditions, to a purpose which the opposition may be justified in regarding as rather ghastly—as Villers-Bretonneux first demonstrated. If this war lasts (and the Lord knows I hate to think it will), or if another big war succeeds it (but that will certainly not be in my time, nor yours, thank God!) we shall surely see the "tank," which started with the armoured car, take on as many forms as the components of the Grand Fleet. There'll be Dreadnoughts and cruisers, and destroyers, and chasers of the lighter kind; although my prophetic vision cannot see an underland equivalent of the submarine, unless it be a motor-sapper. But the world will come to sanity before that, I hope.

***

WHO is the "well-known aviator," with business in London and Paris, who is sometimes, by special permit, allowed to fly his private machine between the two capitals in order to save time? There is no reason why it could not happen if anyone is allowed a private machine, and the permit is conceivable; and we may yet see the aeroplane used for business purposes in that way. We may, indeed, even see an Entente comedian (or comedienne) working two houses a night with the Channel between them.

***

WELL, at any rate, it's a sort of consolation to find that those who were among the loudest in crying out upon the alleged joy-riding motorist are themselves now discovered as joy-riding trainsters. Hope they recognise the poetic justice of the situation, or the law of compensation in full blast, or whatever it is. They can take what comfort they may from the likelihood of the Peeping Toms of Carmelite House and elsewhere shortly unearthing the joy-*walker*. So, all together—Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

***

THE joy-walker is probably, it is suggested, an ex-Ford owner; and yet it is also suggested, if the luxury tax is put on motor cars, Ford's should not be exempt. For the Ford man it's "of two things—both"!

"C.A.V." LIGHTING AND STARTING. The Simple, Safe, and Certain System that Ensures Comfort in Starting, Safety in driving, Immunity from risks on treacherous roads.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W.3.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

"The War's Proved Success."

By Appointment to *H.M Queen Alexandra*

THE
'QUORN' Waterproof Coat
"Guards" Pattern.

THIS is an adaptation of our celebrated "Quorn" Coat on the famous "Guards" Model, and for smartness of appearance combined with all the essential points of utility it has a distinctive style which takes the eye and creates that impression of perfect good taste which can only be produced by a high-class garment.

It is double-breasted, and can be worn with wide lapels or buttoned right up to the collar as occasion demands. The pockets are roomy and the Coat is fitted with a large sized riding gusset at the back in addition to the usual leg straps. It is guaranteed to be perfectly waterproof and to withstand the heaviest rains; whilst its weight is such that it can be worn in practically any weather without discomfort.

Price £3 - 19 - 6

Only measurements required to ensure perfect fit:—Chest, length of sleeve from centre of back to length desired, and height.

Write for our Illustrated Booklet "For Active Service."

TURNBULL & ASSER, 71-72, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W. 1.

Telegrams: "PADDYWHACK, London." Telephone: 4628 GERRARD.

Austin

POINTS ABOUT CARS
No. 6.—Petrol Consumption.

Economy is the order of the day, and it should be specially aimed at in the case of the all-important item of petrol. "Substitutes may come and go, but petrol goes on for ever," in the sense that many consider that no substitute approaches it in suitability for motor-car use. This being the case, the present resources must be husbanded to the fullest extent; we can safely claim for the "Austin" that it has done and will continue to do its part in assisting in the necessary retrenchment. May we not add your name to our Priority List?

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Ld.,
479-483, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone - - - - - - Mayfair 6230.
Telegrams - - - "Austinette, Wesdo, London."
Works - - - - Northfield, Birmingham.
ALSO AT MANCHESTER, NORWICH and PARIS.

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Two Fresh Aspects of Work-on-the-Land Clothes

THE shortest excursion outside London provides a revelation as to the happenings in the way of allotment gardens. On Saturday and Sunday these represent veritable hives of industry. A personally-conducted tour of German prisoners might be most salutary to those gentlemen as to the starving point we have reached, according to Berlin reports of the U.B. successes; also the merry-and-bright attitude maintained. The cheer way the strenuous pursuits of digging and planting are carried on is splendid. Experience, however, teaches, and everyday the fact is better realised, how necessary it is to dress the part. Sturdy, practical clothes, easy to move in, and impervious to dirt and damp, are absolutely essential. Breeches and a smock coat have settled down into a classic, and limited as this attire may appear, there is quite a considerable amount of diversity to be brought to bear on it, while there is a vast variety in prices.

At Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, where the whole subject of work-on-the-land dress has been taken up in that *con amore* spirit so characteristic of the house, there will be found a suit that for soundness and value cannot be surpassed. Built entirely of a bronze khaki drill, there is a three-quarter length smock, which is really more of a coat, that is slipped on over the head, and buttoned two-thirds of the way down. This has strengthened shoulder pieces, like a man's shooting coat, and large practical patch pockets, and is accompanied by breeches, lacing at the knees, with adjustable waistband, side openings, and, again, two inside capacious pockets. The connoisseur will at once perceive the value of these various details, and at the same time appreciate the reasonableness of the price, the suit complete costing 23*s.* 6*d.*, which is just a trifle under the outlay if breeches are bought separately at 8*s.* 11*d.* and smock at 15*s.* 6*d.* And a jolly little pull-on hat adds a crowning triumph at 2*s.* 11*d.*

Shoolbreds are likewise showing and advertising a suit with a skirt in lieu of breeches, which they have christened "The Allotment Dress." The skirt is short, fastens in front, is well supplied with necessary pockets, and is worn with a belted coat, the sleeves whereof are fitted with storm straps.

The Lure of the Schappe Crêpe Blouse

IT is in no sort of disparagement of *crêpe de Chine*, which is going as strong as ever, that one is persuaded to say many high words in praise of *crêpe de Schappe*. Just precisely of what this material is composed I do not know; but it suffices for most of us that in appearance it so closely resembles a heavy-weight *crêpe de Chine* that it would quite likely be accepted as that most covetable fabric. At Dickens and Jones's, however, where the *crêpe de Schappe* blouse is making a great stir, things are called by their right names. A model of the daintiest and most attractive character is of palest blue *crêpe de Schappe*, with collar and cuffs of a delicate biscuit.

(Continued on page 350)

TWO CRÊPE DE SCHAPPE BLOUSES
At Dickens and Jones's

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

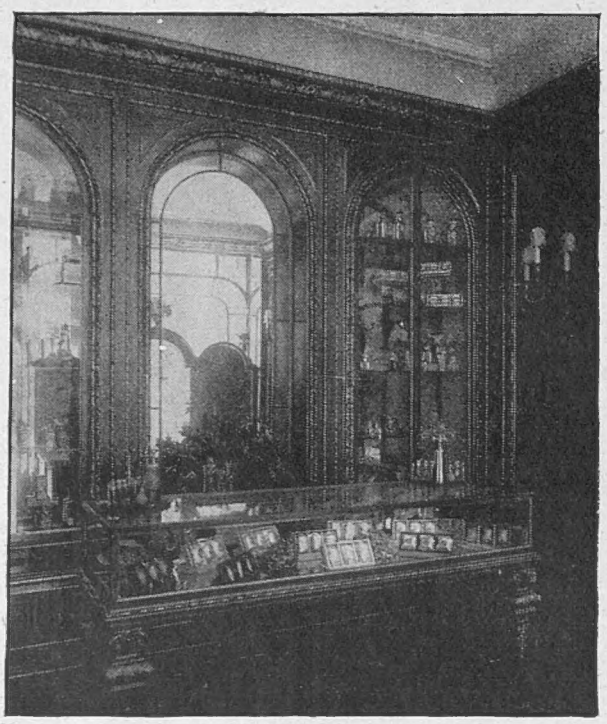
Or again, another adorable alliance is a tender putty shade, the collar and turn-back cuffs of soft orchidée mauve. Of the general style and effect, the sketch on the first page relates. And the cost is quite modest, only 55*s.* 9*d.*

While side by side is shown another very up-to-date affair, of white *crêpe de Schappe,* to which much distinction is imparted by a high stock cravat of black ribbon, over which, at either side, little pointed ears of the *crêpe* fall, five large pearl buttons adding to the handsome effect.

As to the charm and seduction of the new season's waistcoat-blouse, a visit to these salons will leave no possible shadow of doubt. There is a range of white lawn models with waistcoat front and revers of coloured striped linen that are verily bewitching, just the very thing for wearing with the cool summer tailor-mades of tweeds, light-coloured gabardines and covert coatings.

"La Reine d'Egypte"

ALTHOUGH the familiar show-rooms at 117, Oxford Street, are to remain undisturbed, the Erasmic Company have decided to open a fresh London Depôt at 13A, New Bond Street. And this new home for the Erasmic Specialities is charming in every detail, the tastefully decorated, light, airy salons leaving nothing to be desired by the most fastidious shopper. The accompanying illustration gives a glimpse of an attractive corner, with the various preparations in the prettily got up bottles, boxes, and packages protected against dust and dirt by handsome glass cases which at the same time leave the contents in full view so that easy selection can be made.



THE NEW "ERASMIC" SHOW-ROOM
At 13a, New Bond Street

It is quite superfluous at this date to extol the virtues of the Erasmic Specialities. They have been in the front rank so long now that everyone knows and appreciates their true value. But it may be of interest to learn that by sheer good

(Continued on page 352)

Cameron
Safety-Self Fillers

IN THESE WAR TIMES

There should be no interruption of work.

To seek out the filler for the Fountain Pen, and to undo the whole thing for filling, cause a loss of time and a waste of effort.

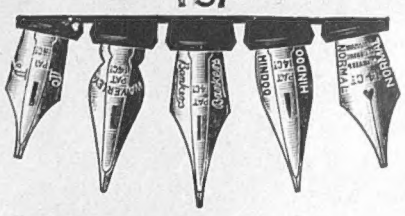
The CAMERON SAFETY SELF FILLER fills itself from any ink bottle without a separate filler.

You can write on without pause and—that feeling of independence with a Cameron in your hand accelerates your work.

The distinctive and fluent nibs of the Cameron Pen are not the least of its benefits.

The GUINEA CAMERON SAFETY SELF FILLER is strengthened by rolled gold bands on cap and section.

WITH WAVERLEY, HINDOO, J. BANKERS OR NORMAL NIB
15/-



NO NEEDLESS COMPLEXITIES

The illustration shows the simplicity of filling.

Unscrew the section from the barrel, dip the pen (over the whole nib) in the ink bottle, then

JUST PRESS THE BARS

relax the pressure, and the pen is filled.

In a Cameron Self Filler you can use a denser ink, because in filling you flush every time the ink duct.

Illustrated List from Stationers or

MACNIVEN & CAMERON.
LIMITED
CAMERON HOUSE
26-28 ST. BRIDE ST.
LONDON, E.C. 4

EDINBURGH: 23 BLAIR STREET
GLASGOW: 13 W. REGENT ST.
PARIS:
KIRBY, BEARD & CO., 5 RUE AUBER

Cut out the "grouse" boys, here's the "Decca."

TIME and again, in Mr. Philip Gibbs' stirring dispatches, wonderful word pictures visualise for us the highly important rôle played by the gramophone at the Front. Recently he described a young officer whose duty it was to do the "V.C. stunt"—by keeping his battery in action until he could see the whites of his enemy's eyes. "But he was not worrying about that; he had a gramophone in his hut and we listened to a piece by Kriesler, a 'cello solo by someone else, and a little ragtime to bring us down to earth again. The enemy was within short range and might attack in the morning, but it was a very good gramophone, and music is like water to 'parched souls.'"

As two out of every three gramophones at the Front are "Deccas," it is highly probable that most of the incidents related by Mr. Philip Gibbs have reference to this ideal gramophone for Active Service. The "Decca" is light, portable, self-contained, and immediately opened is ready to play all makes and sizes of needle records.

THE DECCA

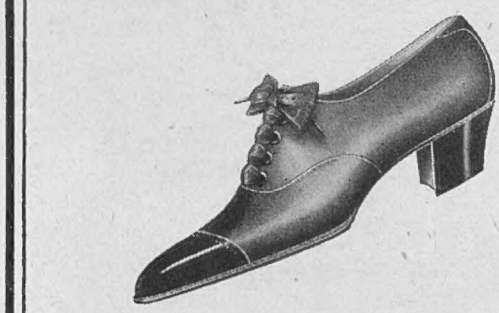
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

In Leather Cloth	Compressed Fibre	Solid Cowhide
£6 15 0	£7 17 6	£10 10 0

Of all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

ILLUSTRATED FOLDER, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers

THE DULCEPHONE CO.,
34, Worship Street, London, E.C.2
(Proprietors—
Barnett Samuel & Son, Ltd.)



SHOES of Quality are still obtainable at Norvic Agencies in London and the larger towns of the provinces. The choice of style is not so varied as formerly, but the fine workmanship and material is still a characteristic of Norvic de Luxe. Write to the makers for name of nearest agent, and take what the agent can offer while you have the chance for the factory stocks are depleted.

NORVIC

NORVIC SHOES for LADIES

The Shoe de Luxe

NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

Mowlett and White, Ltd.

The need for Economy

AT no time was the need for economy greater than to-day. Clothes are expensive—yet there is no need to look untidy or ill-dressed. The Achille Serre method makes old suits look like new.

Achille Serre will remove all marks of wear. Suits—clothes of every kind—are not only cleaned and renovated, but are restored to shape by expert tailor pressers as well.

Write for Illustrated Booklet, which gives Prices, List of Branches and Particulars of our Services.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London, E. 9

Telephone: East 3710 (4 lines).

Branches and Agents everywhere

F 31.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

management and forethought, the usual well-known preparations are still procurable, together with some new and wholly arresting perfumes. Already scoring quite a *succès fou* is La Reine d'Egypte Soap. This, while maintaining all the attributes that have served to place the Erasmic *savons* in their present high position, is invested with the most delicious, fragrant perfume imaginable. Erasmic shaving sticks are unanimously voted perfection, as is also the Elite Erasmic Soap.

Guaranteed to Wash and Wear

THERE'S a good sound recommendation to start with, but it is only one of many that makes Lista the adorable material it unquestionably is. As I write I have a fine assortment of patterns before me, so I can handle the soft silken stuff as well as let my eyes wander in artistic pleasure over the lovely range of pink, blue, grey, mauve, green and tan shades in which Lista is procurable.

Then, in addition to these and other dainty self colours, there is an endless choice in stripes. First comes a narrow even white and coloured stripe, followed on by a line stripe on a white ground, or a wider more solid stripe can be had. A grouped colour stripe running at wide intervals is effective, as also a double colour stripe set close together, divided by a double line stripe in black. A white stripe on coloured grounds is another charming alternative, together with an alternative wide and narrow stripe on white.

A LAND-GIRL'S DRESS
At Shoolbred's, full particulars of which are given on page 349

The edict for exceedingly bold patterns has, of course, been observed by those enterprising spirits responsible for Lista, quite a novelty occurring in regular white and coloured stripes, measuring fully an inch and a half wide. These wide stripes make up into very smart shirt blouses, some of the other patterns making stronger appeal for pyjama sleeping suits, and underwear generally. But there is really no end to the uses to which this beautiful British washing silk can be put.

The Importance of Paper

Readers who come across instances of waste of paper should communicate by letter with the Paper Controller, 23, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

Use it on your Hands and Face last thing at night

and you never need worry about your appearance.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

(The best substitute for Glycerine)

is a natural skin food and emollient, which takes away all the tell-tale traces of housework, red and roughened hands, etc. It is a thing which every housewife should know about. The work *must* be done, but you *can* use LA-ROLA and yet retain a complexion and hands second to none for softness and delicate whiteness.

LA-ROLA is quite economical at 1/1½ per bottle, because it goes a long way. It is so good that all Chemists and Stores sell it.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes, 1/-.

Dainty dish *deserves* dainty salt—

Cerebos SALT

ZAIR'S
OFFICERS' CANES, &c.

With the new "Gadget" Loop.

Prices from 6/- to 30/- each. Postage included

Write for Catalogue of Whips, Sticks, and Spurs.

G. & J. ZAIR, 115, BISHOP STREET. BIRMINGHAM

From all Saddlers and Military Outfitters.